DOT LONG HANDLED DIPPER.

Der poet may sing of "Der Oldt Oaken Bookit," Und in schweetest langvitch its virtues may

tell,
Und how, vhen a poy, he mit eggsdasy dook it,
Vhen dripping mit coolness it rose vrom der vell.

I don'd take some schtock in dot manner of

trinking.

It vas too mooch like horses und cattle, I

Dhere vos more sadisfactions in my vay off trinking Mit dot long handled dipper dot hangs py der sink.

"How schveet vrom der green mossy brim to receive it"—
Dot vould sound pooty goot, eef it only vas true,
Der vater schbills ofer, you petter believe it,
Und runs down your schleeve und schlops indo your shoe.
Dhen down on your nose comes dot oldt iron handle

handle Und makes your eyes vater so gvick as a vink.
I dells you dot bookit it don't hold a candle
To dot long handled dipper dot hangs py der

How nice it musd been in der rough vinter ved-

When it settles right down to a coldt, freezing

rain,
To haf dot rope coom oup so light as a feddher
Und findt dot der bookit vas broke off der
chain!
Dhen down in der vell mit a pole you go fish-

ing, Vhile into your back cooms an oldt fashioned

I bet you mine life all der time you vas vishing For dot long handled dipper dot hangs py der

Dhen give oup der bookit und pails to der

horses,
Off mikerobes und tadpoles schust gifedhem
dhed fill.
Glfo me dot pure vater dot all der time courses
Droo dhose pipes dot run down from der
schpring on der hill.
Und eef der goot dings off dis vorld I gets rich
in.

Und frendts all aroundt me dheir glasses schall clink, I schtill vill rememper dotoldt coundtry kitch-

en Und dot long handle dipper dot hangs py der

-Charles Follen Adams.

BY THE RED DEATH.

About the middle of the seventeenth century there lived in Venice a certain haughty duke so rich and powerful as to be feared by friend as well as foe, for that was a period of constant murder and assassination.

It was the custom of this nobleman

to give costly banquets in the great hall of his palace, but there was always one thing to mar the festivity of the occasion—the constant dread of some secret agent of death.

And what tended still more to mystery and fear on these occasions of festivity was the presence of the Red Mask. Next to the lord of the feast, on his left hand, always sat a silent, mysterious figure in a red domino, with a blood red mask concealing every feature.

Before the guests separated he always rose, gave his hand to the noble host, and then went slowly, solemnly and silently around the table, shaking hands

As all believed that he was the duke's secret poisoner, he was regarded with awe and dread and came in time to be spoken of and known as the Red Death. How his fatal purpose was effected nene could say, but it was conjectured that upon one of his jeweled fingers he wore what was known as the "death ring"a ring curiously constructed, with deadly poison in the interior, which could be injected, by a sudden pressure upon a concealed spring, into the hand of any one taken in apparent friendship.

In the very zenith of his life and power the duke one , ay received the singular intelligence that a gentleman had made his appearance in Venice so closely resembling him in face and figure that more than one person had mis-

taken him for his grace.
"Who is this adventurer?" angrily demanded the duke. "Go, seek him out and say it is my pleasure to see him at my palace!"

The stranger was found and readily accepted the invitation of the nobleman, who received him in his private apartments, with only one attendant present. The resemblance of the two was cer-

tainly very striking.
"Who are you?" demanded the

in an imperious tone. "I am the Count of Palmera!"

At the mention of this title the attendant of the duke gave a slight, quick start and fixed his eyes searchingly upon the stranger.

"I am glad at least to hear you are a nobleman," pursued the duke, "as the thought of having my likeness borne by a plebeian would have been too humitiating. There should be but one such face in Venice, count!"

"So think I, duke!" "I may hope, then, you will take early leave of our proud city!"

"I was in hopes your race had made arrangements to quit the country!"

"You are insolent, count!"

"So are you, duke!"
"By the bones of St. Mark!" the duke began in a malignant rage, but added, in quite a different tone, with a forced

smile: "Your pardon, count; I am too hasty. It is not the fault of either of us that we look alike and have tempers alike. If we cannot be friends, there is

no need of our being enemies." "I am disposed to meet your grace half way in either anger or triendship."

"I thank your lordship, and trust you will honor my banquet on Friday even-ing next with your presence, when I will do myself the pleasure to introduce your lordship to some of the first nobles of Venice."

As Antonio left the presence of his noble master, he seized the first oppor-tunity to say to the count:

"My lord, I have a private word for your ear. We are countrymen.'
"Indeed?"

"Yes," pursued Antonio, speaking low and in Spanish. "I know your house well, and I would serve you. Your life is in danger here."

"So I believe."
"I think this banquet is given expressly to destroy you!'

low my instructions you shall not only be saved, but you will become duke of Francavella."

"How? Speak!"
"Seem indifferent to my remarks
now, my lord. Have you ever heard of
the Red Death, my lord?"
"Never, to my knowledge."

"It is briefly this: On the nights of festivity a figure in red domino and red mask sits near the duke. At the close of the feast this figure shakes hands with all present, and it is rarely that some one of the number does not die shortly after. Does your lordship com-

prehend?"
"I think I do—secret poison."
"When this Red Mask takes your

hand on that night, he will leave within it a paper of instruction, which you must find an opportunity to read in secret and follow to the letter.'
"How do you know this?"

"You shall know if you come."
"I will come—though how am I to know you mean me well?"

"If I meant you ill, my lord, what need to warn you?"

"True-it is enough-I will be here." Punctual to the appointed time, the Count of Palmera appeared at the ban-quet of the Duke of Francavella. At the close came the handshaking round

of the dreaded Red Death. The count, being a stranger, seemed the most indifferent of any, as was natural he should. He poured out more wine and drank and then seemed to reflect. In this mood he held the small paper which he had just received in such a way that he could peruse it without being suspected. This paper contained these words:

Feign illness and be shown to a private apartment. I will be there to complete the

In a few minutes the duke, who had been furtively watching the count, remarked, with seeming concern, that he feared his lordship was ill.

The nobles exchanged glances, and each breathed freer as he fancied he had discovered the victim in other than

But the count, instead of getting better, seemed to grow more faint, and his kind host suggested that he should be shown to a private apartment and his chief physician be summoned.

offered his arm to the count, who leaned heavily on it, and thus left the hall. Passing through an antercom, they entered one hung with damask and richly furnished.

The Red Mask, who had left the banqueting hall before them, was standing here as if awaiting their coming. As the duke assisted his guest to a divan the Red Mask quietly closed and bolted the door.

Then, producing a small rope with the slipknot of a hangman, he glided up to the duke as he bent over the count, and throwing the noose around his neck drew it tight and strangled him before he could comprehend his murderous design and raise his voice

When the duke was quite dead, the mask was removed, and the face of An-

tonio appeared before the count.
"Quick, my lord!" said Antonio,
pale and trembling at what he had done. "Disrobe, put on the dress of the duke, return to the hall and be lord of the palace. If you succeed in deceiving the assembled guests—which I trust your close resemblance will enable you to de -we are safe; if you fail, we are lost.

Assisted by Antonio, the Count of Palmera was soon dressed in the gorgeous robes of the Duke of Francavelin, and the counterfeit was so perfect that none but a wife could have detected the difference

The plan of the iniquitous schemer succeeded perfectly, and all the guests that night retired in the belief that the false duke was the real.

The next day the Count of Palmera appeared in St. Mark's place and other

parts of Venice in his own proper person. This destroyed the suspicion that he had been poisoned, as all at the ban-

In fact, it was only through the dying confessions of the count himself that out at all, which many would not believe even then.

Long before this event, however, the Red Death had ceased to appear because of the real death of Antonio, whom his new master had murdered in turn for fear of being himself murdered or betrayed by the only one who possessed his fatal secret. - Exchange.

An Old German Tradition.

The Germans have a saying, which has almost become a proverb, that "a duke of Brunswick never died at home." received corroboration by the death of the last duke, who followed in the foot-steps of five of his predecessors—to wit, his grandfather, who died at Ottensen from wounds received at Auerstadt; his father, who fell at the battle of Ligny; his brother, who died at Geneva, where he lies entombed in the well known piece montee; his ancestor, Julius Leopoid, who was drowned in an inundation of the Oder, and William, who died in a hamlet far from his estates, though nearer to them than the death spot of any of the others.

Mark Twain's Dog.

Mark Twain was once asked to go to the Elmira reformatory and give a reading to the boys there from one of his stories. He replied: "Now, that's a good idea for me, because I have been asked by a literary club to read down in the town. The boys are unarmed and under guard, and it will be perfectly safe for me. By watching them I can get an idea of how safe it's likely to be to read the same thing to that club." He gave both readings and still lives. -Exchange.

Hyperbolical.

Man of Fashion (reading in a newspaper that a village schoolmaster had shot himself because he could not pay a debt of 50 marks)—Ridiculous! Why, if I ressly to destroy you!"

"I had my fears."

"Yet if you will come to it and fcl.

were to shoot myself for every 50 marks that I owe, I should be kept at it all the year round!—Fliegende Blatter. THE LION PATH. '

THE SOUDS PERRICARY IS

I dare not-Look—the road is very dark— The trees stir softly, and the bushes shake; The long grass rustles, and the darkness moves Here—there—beyond— There's something crept across the road just

now! And you would have me go? Go there—through that live darkness hideous With stir of crouching forms that wait to kill? Ah, look! See there—and there—and there

again—
Great yellow glassy eyes close to the ground!
Look! Now the clouds are lighter, I can see
The long, slow lashing of the sinewy tails
And the set quiver of strong jaws that wait.
Go there? Not I! Who dares to go who sees
So perfectly the lions in the path?

Comes one who dares.

Afraid at first, yet bound
On such high errands as no fear could stay.
Forth goes he, with the lions in his path.
And then—

And then—
He dared a death of agony—
Outnumbered battle with the king of beasts;
Long struggle in the horror of the night;
Dared and went forth to meet—O ye who fear!
Finding an empty road and nothing there—
A wide, bare common road, with homely fields
And fences and the dusty roadside trees—
Some spitting kittens maybe in the grass.
—Charlotte Perkins Stetson in Boston Woman's Journal.

An incident of the Austro-Prussian war of 1866 was told by the Archduke Joseph to a party of friends. The story is told as follows in the Neue Pester Journal: On our retreat before the advance of the Prussian army, said the archduke, we camped in the neighborhood of a Bohemian town. I was lodged in a peasant's cottage, when about midnight I heard the sentry challenging some newcomer. My adjutant entered and reported that a gypsy wanted to see me in private. A soldier (a gypsy) entered, and on my asking what was the matter he told me that the enemy was

approaching to surprise us.
"The outposts have not heard anything suspicious," I said. "No, your highness, because the enemy is still a long way off." "But how do you know this?" I asked. "Come to the window, your highness," answered the man. "Do you see those birds flying over the wood toward the south?" "Yes, I see them. What then?" "What then? Do not birds sleep as well as men? They certainly would not fly about if they were not disturbed. The enemy is marching through the wood and has frightened

"Very well, my lad. You can go." I at once ordered the outposts to be re-enforced and the camp to be alarmed. An hour later the outposts were fighting with the enemy, and our camp was only saved by the keen observation of a simple gypsy.

A Philadelphia Incident.

The easy and comfortable attitudes assumed by most men riding in street cars have frequently been a source of irritation to women, and one feminine passenger had the courage to publicly con-demn the practice. A Sixteenth street car was scudding up town with many masculine passengers and one woman. who sat in an upper corner and whose physiognomy stamped her as a school-

Another woman entered the car at Poplar street, and finding no vacant seat was proceeding to grasp a strap when the voice of the schoolma'am piped out, "If these men would put their legs to gether, there would be plenty of room! A dead silence was followed by a stealthy shifting of nether limbs until sufficient red cushion was visible to accommodate the standing passenger.—Philadelphia

Their Titles.

Shakespeare has been a mine of wealth to authors in choosing titles to their books. Tersely descriptive are "The Quality of Mercy," "A Woman's Reason," "A Modern Instance," "The Un-discovered Country," which W. D. How-ells found in the great dramatist. Mrs. Oliphant remembered her Snakespeare when she named one of her novels "The Primrose Path," Mr. Hardy must have been reading "As You Like It" when he called his book "Under the Greenwood Tree," Other writers have taken "Airy, Fairy Lillian," "A Daughter of the Gods" and "The Heir of the Ages" as titles from Tennyson.—Journal of Educa

An Infelicitous Speech. "Why, you're looking better already. Sir Ronald!"

"Yes, thanks to your delightful hos pitality, I've had everything my doctor ordered me—fresh air, good food, agree able society and cheerful conversation that involves no strain on the intellect." -Harper's Magazine.

A Last Resort.

Little Boy-I want you to write me an excuse for being late to school yesterday. Jeweler-Eh? You are not my son.

Little Boy-N-o, but mamma says I had plenty of time to get to school, so I ss the clock you sold her doesn't go right,-Good News. In early times what is now Ireland

was called Scotia, and its inhabitants were known as Scoti, or Scots. A branch of this Scotic stock invading north Britain ultimately gave its name to all of what is now Scotland Golf is spoken, it seems, without sound-ing the "l." English folk call it "gowf," and if we import the game it is only

proper that we should import the pro-It is a very lazy man who will not take the trouble to reverse his cigar when to fluid that the has put the lighted

A repaire copper coin struck by the Swedish government in the sixteenth century is nearly one-half incluthick and weight a pound and a quarter.

end of it by whitehe into his mouth.

A Parisian lady wears ball shoes with tiny watches set in the insteps. Presum ably this enables her to keep time with her feet.

India has 50,000,000 of Mohammedans -a larger number than are found in the entire Turkish empire.

SURROUNDED BY MYSTERY!

A Great Mistake.

A recent discovery is that headache, dizziness, duliness, confusion of the mind, etc., are due to derangement of the nerve centers which supply the brain with nerve

etc., are due to derangement of the nerve centers which supply the brain with nerve force; that indigestion, dyspepsia, neuralgia, wind in stomach, etc., arise from the derangement of the nerve centers supplying these organs with nerve fluid or force. This is likewise true of many diseases of the heart and lungs. The nerve system is like a telegraph system, as will be seen by the accompanying cut. The little white lines are the nerves which convey the nerve force from the nerve centers to every part of the body, just as the electric eurrent is conveyed along the telegraph wires to every station, large or small. Ordinary physicians fall to regard this fact; instead of treating the nerve centers of the disorders arising therefrom they tro at the part affected.

Franklin Miles, M. D. Li. B. the

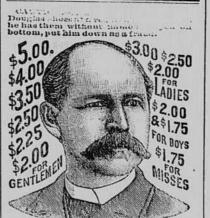
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